

SWALLOWED BY THE JUNGLE.

In One Year It Will Send Creepers One Hundred Feet High Over a Clearing.

The stages in the onward march of the forest over a clearing are most interesting. Perhaps two or three hundred acres, in one instance, had been planted with sugar cane and fifty in plantains, vegetables and fruit. There would be a fair-sized dwelling house, a water or cattle sugar mill, huts for the negroes and a wharf on the river bank, says a writer in Popular Science Monthly. The planter decided to give up the place, as he had an offer of a more fertile piece of land on the coast. Taking away everything portable, including the machinery of his mill, he abandoned the rest, carrying away his negroes, and left the clearing to nature.

Look on the plantation a year later. Already a thicket has grown up which is only penetrable by the constant use of a cutlass. After a great deal of labor you reach the borders of the once tidy clearing. What a wonderful sight! Along the line of forest trees a dense wall of creepers rises sixty to a hundred feet high, forming an effective veil to the dark arched beyond. From these stretch out long ropes, twining vegetable serpents and giants' fingers, all moving toward what was once the open space. Some are hundreds of yards long, rooting at the joints, whence other branches radiate and from the dense obstruction we have cut through.

The creepers, twines and scramblers have not yet reached the house, but nature is at work there also. Round it was once an orchard of oranges, limes, star apples and other tropical fruit, with a few flowering shrubs. Most of these are now overrun with the blood-sucking loranthus—vegetable leeches which are continually draining their juices and evidently fattening on the spoil. These exotic bushes and trees have no business here; they are intruders. If man protects them and destroys their enemies they must perish. Perhaps you are thirsty and look for an orange, but among a dozen trees not a single fruit can be found, and never will be again.

BILLY'S BRIGHT IDEA.

It Helped His Mother in Her Trunk Packing.

The Churchman has given us Billy's idea, which is surely valuable enough to be spread abroad. His mother was going to the seashore, and while she was packing her trunk he was popping in about every five minutes with something of his that must be packed also.

"I'd like to help you, mother," he said once, preparing to pitch his fishing tackle in on his mother's lace gown, "because you look so tired."

"Never mind, Billy," said his mother, catching the tackle. "I shall rest after awhile. Packing is hard work for a tall person, though, for it makes one stoop so."

"Why," said Billy, with his hands in his pockets and his head on one side, "why don't you put the trunks upon something? Hullo, I know; horses, wooden horses, you know, mother; carpenter's horses; there are some in the basement. I'll bring 'em."

And directly there he was again with a wooden horse on his back.

"'Nother one's coming with Sam," he said, panting, "and we'll lift up the trunks."

"Billy boy," said his mother, straightening up her tired back, "I believe your plan is a good one."

Sure enough, the packing went on beautifully after that, and at dinner Billy's mother said she had never packed so easily and comfortably.

POLLY'S USEFULNESS.

Installed as a Solicitor for Money for the Poor.

It has hitherto been customary to fritter away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say "Pretty Polly" and things of that sort, but the municipal authorities of a French town have instituted what it is to be hoped will become a general reform.

The poor-box at the town hall, it seems, had for a long time been in a condition discreditable to the more prosperous of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty toward their poorer neighbors a parrot was purchased, which was installed close to the box and trained to cry: "For the poor, if you please!"

The result, it appears, has been highly satisfactory, pence and silver having been freely given in response to the bird's appeal.

The idea is capable of being applied in a variety of ways. Parrots might be used, for example, to warn passers-by of the proximity of wet paint on fences or shop fronts, or to remind people on entering a house to wipe their feet.

In fact, parrots might be made really useful members of society.

THE DOG REFORMED.

Turned Over a New Leaf After a Nearly Fatal Illness.

Lovers of dogs will appreciate this amusing story culled from Dr. Kitchen's memoir of the late Bishop of Winchester. Of one of the bishop's pets he writes: "The dog was a creature of bad disposition, with many evil tricks and ways. It was nursed by an old servant of the house through a bad illness with the utmost care and affection, and when the creature recovered it was found, to the surprise of all, to have turned over a new leaf; it had become perfectly sweet-tempered, had forgotten or laid aside all tiresome tricks and ways, and was, as they said, altogether another dog. After the animal's death the servant who had been so kind to it seemed inconsolable, and Mrs. Harold Brown, by way of cheering her, said to her: 'But, you know, the bishop thinks there may be another life for animals as well as for men, so that, perhaps, you will see him again,' and the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, replied: 'I knew it, ma'am, I did, but I didn't think it was right to say so, but now, if the bishop thinks so, too, I know it is all right with the poor beast.'"

HANDSOME, BUT TIGHT.

A Young Lieutenant's Uncomfortable Evening in Society.

Society belles are not alone in their liking for personal adornment. Young soldiers, and brave ones at that, are sometimes as vain of their fine clothes as any schoolgirl, says Youth's Companion. Gen. Du Barail, writing his "Souvenirs," lingers with fond particularity over the splendid new uniform he put on when he became a lieutenant. "Five minutes after I received my promotion," he says, "the best tailor in Algiers was taking my measure for my officer's uniform."

Then he goes into full details about the red spencer trimmed with black braid, the blue cap, the sash of red silk, from which dangled acorns of gold, and especially the sky-blue pantaloons. "It would be hard to imagine a uniform more coquet," he declares.

This gorgeous rig he was to wear for the first time at a dinner given by the governor general in honor of the men newly promoted; and he could hardly wait for the time to come. When he came to put the garments on, however, he found himself literally in a strait.

For three years he had been going about in loose Arabian costume. His new clothes were so dreadfully tight! He got into his jacket only with the vigorous assistance of three of his companions, who had to unite all their forces in order to button the thing together.

He entered the general's house with his arms standing out "like basket-handles," and all in all felt as awkward as any mortal well could. He neither ate nor drank. "It seemed to me," he says, "that at the first mouthful of bread or the first swallow of water, everything would burst. And when, as it happened, the governor general looked in my direction, with his big round eyes, like coffee-cups, I felt a foolish desire to hide myself under the table. Ah! for that evening, the fashion made me suffer!"

A SINGULAR FACT.

The Sense of Feeling Deadened in Critical Moments.

It is comforting to know that in extreme cases of bodily harm men suffer much less than is commonly supposed. Rustem Pasha, Turkish ambassador in London, was once attacked by a bear, which tore off part of his hand and part of his arm and shoulder. He affirmed afterward that he felt no sense of fear or pain.

What occupied his mind was a feeling of anger "because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction while thus engaged."

Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer, bears similar testimony. He was seized by a tiger, which held him with one paw, and then deliberately devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at the hand and ending at the shoulder. He, too, is sure that he felt no fear. He believes he felt a little pain when the tiger was munching his arm.

The author of "Among Men and Horses," from whose book the foregoing facts have been gathered, relates an experience of his own, bearing upon the same point.

He was walking unarmed through an Indian jungle, when a tiger sprang up almost at his feet. "For probably two seconds, which seemed as many years," says Mr. Hayes, "the race round me, while I stood stock still, wondering why I could not put out my hand and catch him by the tail. That was the only thought that occupied my mind during those eventful moments, until, with a bound and a growl, the tiger disappeared into the thick underbrush."

THEY LOVE THE THEATER.

Havana Residents, Though Few, Support Grand Opera for Months at a Time.

One of the oddest places in Havana is the theater. Here, as elsewhere, the men and women are seated apart. In some of them, at the end of each act the house is emptied, and patrons are compelled to purchase a ticket for every act of the performance. It is a sort of seeing the show on the European plan. In connection with the theater, however, it is worthy to note that Havana is probably the only city of a little over a quarter of a million population on this continent that supports comic and grand opera for consecutive months, with seats selling for three dollars and upward, says the Boston Transcript. The home of opera is the Tacon theater, which was erected in 1837 at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars, since which time more than thirty-five thousand dollars has been expended at different times in repairing it. There are fourteen exits, and the seating capacity is said to be four thousand two hundred and fifty. A visit to this house on an evening when some favorite prima donna is to appear is one long to be remembered.

The Undertaker Speaks.

"There are flats," said an undertaker, "that appear to have been built with a view of getting people in, but not with a view of getting them out. It is a work of difficulty to take a casket down the stairs, and great care is required. If there is an elevator the casket is carried down on that if it is large enough; if there is not room for the casket directly across, it may be placed in the elevator cornerwise; but it is not taken down in the elevator unless there is room for it to rest entirely upon the floor; if otherwise it is carried downstairs. If a funeral is held upstairs, it is better not to let the casket be carried down by honorary pallbearers, but to have it carried by professional pallbearers, who know best how to handle a casket under such circumstances."

He Charged for It.

Judge Ira Perley believed in the justice of his client's cause; he would not enlist in it otherwise. At one time a sharper tried to retain him, and was something over his crooked conduct as well as he knew how, when the judge astonished him by exclaiming: "I think you have acted like an infernal scoundrel, sir!" "Is there any charge for that opinion?" "Yes, sir; five dollars!"

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

He Says Two Cents' Worth of Coconut Cake and Renews His Youth.

"When I was a boy," said a middle-aged New Yorker the other day, according to the Sun, "I used to be very fond of coconut cakes, as they were called, small disks of candied coconut, which cost one cent each. They were colored white and red, and finally they got some chocolate colored, and it seems to me they had some other colors. If I had only one cent I bought usually a white one, though sometimes I took a red one; if I had two cents I bought a red and white, to have a variety. I have seen the time when I had three cents, and bought all three colors at once."

"I had not bought any coconut cakes for I don't know how many years, though I had seen them along year after year, particularly in summer, when the old covered with dirt, but the other day I bought two of the new-fashioned kind, that seems just now to be having a run; you see them on all the push carts. The new coconut cakes are all one color, a sort of molasses color; and they are not round and flat like the old ones, but thick and bunched, like little broken-off masses of the prepared coconut."

"I found them very good. They differ somewhat from the old-fashioned coconut cake in taste and texture, as well as in build and color; the old coconut cake, while not brittle, exactly, was what you might call crumbly and sugary; it dissolved quickly in the mouth; while the contemporary coconut cake, after you get below the light frostwork of its exterior, has decidedly more consistency; it is what the modern child calls chewy; and as I eat them they carry me back to the days of my youth."

A MILLIONAIRE'S WORK.

The Mammoth Baths Constructed by Adolph Sutro.

The most wonderful baths in the world are those built by Adolph Sutro, in San Francisco. The great cliffs have been tunneled, that the water of the Pacific may flow through a succession of canals into the reservoir where it is warmed; and thence into the enormous tanks. The baths are more than twice as large as the largest of the famous old Roman baths, and Mr. Sutro has tried to make them as beautiful. Twenty thousand people can sit, stand, or promenade about the tanks, which are arranged for every possible set of bathers.

There are cold baths and hot baths, swimming and diving baths, baths for children and beginners. The largest tank is two hundred and seventy-five feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. There is even a fresh-water tank, supplied from the waterworks above.

The place is full of beauty and color, with tropical plants and rows of growing palms; while through the glass side-walls, the ocean view stretches. The building is of steel and glass, and its glazed roof spans more than two acres. Tier after tier of rooms for the bathers rise, until they are numbered by hundreds.

A great stage, fifty feet broad, is placed at the ocean end of the tank-room for an orchestra. The building is furnished with electric lifts and elevators throughout. Three restaurants provide refreshment, and an aquarium and conservatory add to the beauty and interest. The cliff rocks outside are covered with sea-sunbathing themselves, and the finest baths in the world have perhaps the most beautiful setting.

FEMINE INGENUITIES.

The Queer Uses the Women of Peru Make of Shawl Pins.

Of the multifarious uses of the hair-pin, some, at least, are well known. They are suggested by a French traveler's description of a pin which the Indian women of Peru wear as a fastening for their shawls. Its head is in the shape of a spoon. In fact, it is a spoon and a shawl-pin in one.

It is odd, the Frenchman says, too see a woman pull out the pin, letting her shawl drop from her bare shoulders, and proceed to use it for eating her soup or porridge. After the repast she passes the bowl of the spoon carefully between her lips two or three times, gathers up her shawl, and fastens it in place.

The same women use their slippers instead of pocket-books—a point in which they may be said to have the advantage of their North American sisters, who, having no pockets, or none within comfortable reach, are compelled to carry their purses in their hands.

The money of Lima consists of bank-notes, which go very well into the bottom of a slipper. As to the effect upon the bills, perhaps the least said the better. There is an old saying that money always smells sweet.

Kleptomaniacs.

To believe a French writer, there are no fewer than four thousand women caught every year in stealing during their shopping expeditions, a habit euphemistically styled kleptomania. The number of titled ladies seized with the strange malady while examining the fashions of Paris, he tells us, is almost incredible. Among the most recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English duchess and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, and when the shopkeeper is known to be rich the sum exacted rises to as much as ten thousand francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of combination.

The Grave of Eve.

It is said that the supposed grave of Eve is visited by over forty thousand pilgrims each year. It is to be seen at Jeddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is fifty cubits long and twelve wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman who ever lived.

SPRING VERGE.

As the Spring.

In the spring the idle harper Whets his razor and prepares For the season's run of custom. Which he knows will fill his chair, And with right good will he labors As his tools he knows he flings. For in spring, unlike the farmer, Is his time for mowing crops.

In the spring the lusty hawker Splits his face and hoarsely bawls, As with muddy boots he enters All our entry ways and halls: Nothing deters him from roving, To the winds his voice he flings, Filling human hearts with anguish As his roundelay he sings.

In the spring the baseball captain Gets his coits and things in hand, Then puts up the moidy boast that He is going to "swipe" the land; To the south his team he hurries Through the air he hurls a bang, Which will put the gang in shape to Burst upon the public view.

In the spring the foolish fellow Who has "bible" upon the brain Streaks it up and down the highway, Just as if he were insane; With his vertebrae bowed skyward, Through the air he hurls a bang, Pausing not for any mortal As he roams unto his goal.

In the spring, or somewhat later, When the frost has left the air, Slushy streets and sloppy sidewalks Fill us with a wild despair; Then it is, in smothered accents, At the elements we find our fate, Words which show beyond all question That we do not love the spring.

—Frank B. Welch, in Detroit Free Press.

The Hammock That Swung in the Past. Against the clouds of memory two trees stand tall and high. With arms outstretched entreatingly before the glowing sky.

To gather all the happiness of dreams fast floating by, And hold them for the dreamers that beneath their shelter lie.

For from these trees there used to hang, in long-silent childhood days, The hammock of our silent times, the hammock of our plays.

That swung and swayed to laughing heights and with a rocking motion, While all looked nappy naps in the sunlight's reeling rays.

Or else it rocked and wavered with a creaking, sleepy strain, As dreams dropped from the shadows to a story-weaving brain.

Till birds and bees about me sang a drowsy sweet refrain, That slipped away upon a thought where slumber came to reign.

I saw my mind from present time till life is yet aglow, Through mists of thought and tears of years I see the long ago.

For childhood years are brightest and the world I used to know, Was sweetest, in the hammock old which swung me to and fro.

—Edith L. Cary, in Judge.

With Violets. A send you a breath of spring, my dear, And the pulse of a warm, sweet day, Though the wintriest morning in all the year Mayrown from your skies of gray.

Just shut your sweet eyes and dream, my dear, With the sunniest dream of June, And fancy the bobolink's note you hear And the whirr of a robin's wing.

And into your ear creeps the drowsy drone Of the bees in the clover-bloom, And you think, in your dream, that the gray Dame Nature, is at her loom.

While forward and back her shuttle flies, And the petals of June are blown, And across the orchard a bluebird cries With the joy of life in his tune.

Then dream, with your sweet eyes shut, my dear, That my hand in your own is laid, And we seek together the youth of the year In the sweet of the apple-bough's shade.

And you shall know beyond doubt or fear In your dream, that I love but you— But whether you dream or wake, my dear, The love will be real and true.

—Kate A. Bradley, in Detroit Free Press.

Metamorphosis. Upon the shores of No-man's-land, I met an angel, one whose wings Shone beams of light on either hand, As radiant as the sunrise bring.

And happy souls, with eager tread, Passed up and down the sandy slope; "Oh, tell me your fair name!" I said; She turned and smiled, and answered: "Hope."

Along the shores of No-man's-land The angel walked, with folded wings, And shadeth fell on every hand, As radiant as the sunrise bring.

The burden that the night-wind brings, With head turned backward, and slow, She paced the sands, her eyelids wet. "Hope mourns," I said; and soft and low, The angel sighed, and said: "I regret."

—James C. Harvey, in N. Y. Independent.

Some Other Day. There are wonderful things we are going to do, And harbor we hope to drift into Some other day.

With folded hands and oars that trail, We watch and wait for a favoring gale To fill the sails of an idle sail Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win Some other day, But we say to ourselves there's a time to begin Some other day.

And so, deferring, we loiter on, Until at length we find withdrawn The strength of hope we leaned upon Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run Some other day, We fret for the things that might have been done Some other day.

We trace the path that leads us where The beckoning hand of a grim despair Leads us yonder, out of the here, Some other day.

—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

A Spring Song. Meadows—dreamy meadows, stretchin' far away; Tinklin' o' the dewdrops on the daisies every day; An' the clouds are lookin' whiter, an' the sap is in the bud.

An' the sun is beamin' brighter an' is colorin' the cloud. Singin' of the mockin' birds where wild the blossoms blow; Fifty million roses in a perfect storm o' snow!

An' all the groves rejoice, an' all the green hills are glad; A-lookin' glad and giddy with the rattle o' the rills!

There's a twinkle in the maples, there's a whisper in the pines; An' the hummin' bird is huntin' for the mornin' glory vines; There's a thrill of life pervadin' all the mountains an' the dells, An' gushin' in the breezes when the cattle shake the bells.

On the country's growin' brighter, an' the sunshine's streamin' whiter through the windows of our souls; The Lord's goodness His storehouse, with all He's got to give, An' if we would just forever we'd just live, an' live, an' live!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT.

County of Van Buren—ss. Probate Court for said County of Van Buren—ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ebenezer Harringer, deceased.

Albert E. Harringer and Frederick S. White, as executors of said estate, come into court and report that they are now prepared to render their final account as such executors, and file the same.

Therefore it is ordered that Monday, the 16th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered that said executors give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the True Northern, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Van Buren, for three successive weeks at least previous to said day of hearing.

Dated August 18th, A. D. 1895.

BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan—County of Van Buren—ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Van Buren, held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on Thursday, the 15th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Eliza A. Flisk, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Charles H. Flisk, son of said deceased, praying that a certain instrument in writing now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be proved, allowed and admitted to probate as such, and that execution thereof may be granted to the petitioner, the executor in said will named.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 9th day of September, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the True Northern, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Van Buren, for three successive weeks at least previous to said day of hearing.

Dated August 18th, A. D. 1895.

BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.—State of Michigan, County of Van Buren—ss.

Notice is hereby given that, by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Van Buren, made on the 13th day of August, A. D. 1895, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Frances Kirby, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, for examination and allowance, on or before the 17th day of February next, and that such claims will be heard before said court on Monday, the 13th day of November and on Monday, the 17th day of February next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated August 18th, A. D. 1895.

BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

LEGAL NOTICES

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage of mortgage bearing date the 21st day of June, A. D. 1892, made by Charles Bishop of Bloomington, Van Buren County, Michigan, to Martha de Hecker of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the County of Van Buren, in the State of Michigan, on the 23rd day of June, A. D